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Your business, personal or savings account is invited.

## LINCOLN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK.

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Stanford, Kentucky.

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W. H. SHANKS, President.  
W. M. Bright, Cashier  
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J. W. ROCHESTER, Asst. Cash

## The Interior Journal

S. M. Saufley.....Publisher

\$1 a Year When Paid in Advance;  
\$1.50 When Paid at End of Year.

Entered at the postoffice at Stanford as second class mail matter

State Senator Charles Arnett, of Morgan county, was hanged in effigy at Jackson one night late last week. Senator Arnett has attained quite a degree of publicity of late months. He ran for the democratic nomination for Secretary of State, voted against submitting the question of state-wide to the people although representing a very dry district, and his latest effort, to foist a new judicial district upon the people of his section, seems to have capped the climax as far as they were concerned.

The Cynthia Log Cabin, has changed from a weekly to a semi-

## PUBLIC SALE

of the  
John C. Hill Farm, at Maywood, Ky.  
As agent of the heirs of John C. Hill, deceased, I will on

MONDAY, MARCH 13th, 1916

being county court day, offer for sale publicly to the highest and best bidder that farm owned by John C. Hill at his death, situated at Maywood, Lincoln county, Ky., and containing about 108 acres, the sale to be held in front of the court-house door in Stanford, Ky., on that date at 1:30 p. m.

The farm will be offered in three tracts and then as a whole, the bid realizing the greater price to be accepted.

This farm lies right at the Louisville and Nashville railroad station at Maywood, and is only five miles from Stanford, the county seat of Lincoln county.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash, one-third in six months from day of sale, and one-third in twelve months from that day. Lien to be retained for deferred payments.

Remember the date—March 13th at 1:30 p. m., in Stanford, Ky.

Persons desiring further information will call on me at my office in Stanford, Ky.

K. S. ALCORN.

## OVERALL PRICES ARE HIGHER.

Conditions have forced the manufacturers to advance prices. We will have to charge you \$1.25 a pair for RED DIAMOND OVERALLS, but they are worth it. Good genuine Indigo Blue Denim. We have others cheaper.

W. E. PERKINS, - Crab Orchard

THE BEST PLOW FOR THE FARMER,

## The Chattanooga Chilled Plow

Use it on Trial; if not Satisfactory, Come Back and Get Your Money.

GEORGE H. FARRIS.

# The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

SECOND EPISODE  
(Continued from Friday)

The Arrows of Conflagration.  
Jules Legar, in his role as a master of underworld activities, was both adroit in his engagement of the services of others and painstaking in the preparation of the field wherein they should labor. Like the humble weasel, he held that every warren should have both an exit and an entrance.

So when Legar and his scientific friend, Dr. Herman Stein, engaged their triple-floor office suite at the top of the Central Tower building, they insisted on certain structural alterations in those offices. Not only was one of the largest windows commandeered for the installation of a strangely complex apparatus used in Stein's electric wave-projector (which was announced to be the latest improvement on wireless), but the upper and lower floors of the suites were connected by a smooth-walled shaft which, it was explained, would make easier the passage back and forth of chemicals and apparatus needed by the illustrious Doctor Stein in his carefully guarded experiments.

Equally well prepared was Legar's second base of activities, the secret subcellar beneath the Owl's Nest. This second warren, deep as it stood underground, was also provided with a secret passageway leading into a water-gate opening on the East river itself.

It was from both these points that Legar was conducting his campaign against his old-time enemy Enoch Golden. And both of these points might have remained as well hidden as their user still dreamed them to be had it not been for the casual agency of a pocket camera. For less than an hour's work in the office of the register of automobiles had duly shown Manley that license No. 6249 belonged to one Prof. Herman Stein of 42 Maple avenue. Yet Manley, armed as he was with the knowledge of this car's identity, showed no undue haste in interfering with its movements. For still another hour of cautious shadowing on the part of Golden's private secretary provided him with the knowledge that Doctor Stein was in the habit of motoring from Maple avenue to the Central Tower building, and from that prosperous skyscraper to an humble point within a block of the Owl's Nest itself. Thirty minutes later found Manley in a telephone booth, talking to his employer.

"Have you received any message from that man Legar?" asked the younger man, after impatiently explaining who he was.

"I have received a message, but I don't know it came from Legar."

"Then how did you get it?"

"It was thrown through my house window folded up in a beer bottle."

"Will you please read me that message. And quickly, for this is important."

"Here it is," answered the bewildered voice over the wire. "You are keeping Blondie Casey a prisoner in your house. Unless you liberate her within an hour your house will go up in flames. And after that house, your next house, and the next." It is signed "The Cookson Gang." But what am I to believe? What am I to do? And what is the answer to all these mysteries?"

"Whatever you do, don't let them get that young woman away from you!"

Faintly the listener could hear the sound of sudden calls, of quick questions and answers and counter-questions. Then the voice of Golden was once more frantically calling him over the wire.

"Manley, Manley, is that you? You've spoken too late. Wilson, my butler, has just hurried in to me here. Ten minutes ago a stranger claiming to be a meter inspector got entrance to the house. Do you hear me, they've taken that girl! She's gone!"

"Gone?" echoed Manley. "Then I haven't time to stand here talking."

Yet, Enoch Golden, even as Manley himself, had little time for talking over that strange abduction. For two minutes later his still hurried butler announced the arrival of James Griswold, the president of the Union-Traders' bank, on urgent business.

"Golden," began that visitor almost as soon as he had crossed the threshold, "I have counted myself among your friends. But when I receive a note like this, threatening me and my business, I regard it as about time to see you, face to face."

Golden took the sheet of paper from the banker's hand. He stood regarding it with troubled eyes. For it read: "You are a friend of Enoch Golden, the oppressor of the poor, the scavenger of unclean gold. The blow that is about to fall on you and your bank falls because of this alliance with evil-doers. You are warned."

The grim-faced millionaire turned on his visitor.

"That is not all," declared the banker. "Nor is this afternoon's paper, with its bitter attack on you and your tenements all. But three hours later my fellow banker, Gresham of

the Third National, received a warning identical with mine, and already the building of the Third National bank is in flames! And what, I want to know, sir, is the meaning of it all?"

The telephone bell interrupted Golden as he was about to speak.

"Yes, this is Mr. Golden's house. Yes, Mr. Griswold is here. What's that?" He leaned forward for a moment, listening. Then the receiver fell from his flaccid hand. "My God, Griswold, your building is on fire! The Union-Traders' bank is burning."

The next minute Griswold was hurrying from the house and leaping into his waiting limousine.

Golden, sitting at his desk, stared startled and vacant-eyed before him. Yet that young secretary who was so foolishly accepted as feather-headed was, at the time being, anything but idle. Ten minutes after his talk over the wire with Golden he was in a taxicab speeding towards the Stein house on Maple avenue. A block away from that house he dismounted, sauntering casually up to the home of Legar's confederate as a tradesman's delivery wagon stopped before it.

"Boy," he said to the youthful driver of the wagon, "that housemaid at the door there is my steady. But we scrapped and she won't even see me. Here's a dollar if you let me hand in that box of groceries for you!"

"Sure," said the boy, as he pocketed the bill. Manley, whistling blithely, carried his armful of parcels into the tradesman's entrance.

"My driver says these things weren't paid for," he coolly announced.

"Deary vass paid for, e'ry-ding vass paid for!" cried the German girl.

"Then you go and tell him that," was the other's calm suggestion. And as the belligerent-eyed maid strode out to the wagon, Manley slipped through the still open door, dropped his parcels and stole quickly yet guardedly up through the silent house.

When he came to a large room, half library and half laboratory, he stared in wonder at the strange apparatus which stood on a table in the center of the room. He heard the sound of approaching steps. He saw a door on his right and darted through it. He realized, as soon as he had done so, that he had committed the fatal error of diving into a trap.

As he peered out through the still partly opened door he saw that it was the German maid who had entered the room. Then she crossed to the closet door itself, straightened the edge of the disordered rug, closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

A moment later, Manley, with his ear against the panel, heard the sound of heavier steps. Then came the even more interesting sound of voices.

"Vell, wat do you say of Oldt Stein now, maybe? You still tink he talk foolish ven he claim dose actin' rays in conjunction mit converging wireless impulses couldn't maybe start a leetle combustion von or two miles away, eh?"

"A little combustion, Stein?" said an unknown voice, "you've peddled 'em out like gunfire, all over the damned city."

Manley suddenly ducked back behind a waterproof, smelling acridly of acid burns, for footsteps had approached the closet door and the key was being turned in the lock.

The fugitive stood close against the wall, draped by the waterproof, as the spectacled scientist groped blinkingly about for his housecoat.

"Und you, Legar, if you please, show me on der map choost vat remains to be done. Vich buildings vill you have viped out, ven der viping is still goot?"

Manley, emerging from under cover, saw that the old German had left the closet door a trifle open. So moving cautiously forward, he peered out into the room. Clustered about the table, bent close over the map, he could see Stein and Legar and two of his unknown accomplices. Manley advanced silently into the room, crouching low as he went. For on the table he had already caught sight of the blueprint of Stein's projector apparatus. So, holding his breath, he crept closer and still closer. He had the blueprint in his hand, but before he could slip back from the table edge his presence was detected and his retreat cut off. He darted for the window, going through it like a circus rider through a paper hoop.

A minute later the conspirators were after him. But Manley, rolling through a clump of shrubbery and doubling rabbitlike on his pursuers, dodged under cover. By the time he had recovered his breath and his wits he slipped unobserved from the grounds, rounded the block and climbed into his waiting taxicab.

"Police headquarters!" he told the driver.

Brief as was Manley's visit to police headquarters, that call resulted in sudden and startling movement from the great gray structure in Center street. For the mysterious fires were now breaking out even in crowded tenements on the East side, keeping a bewildered fire department shuttling impotently back and forth.

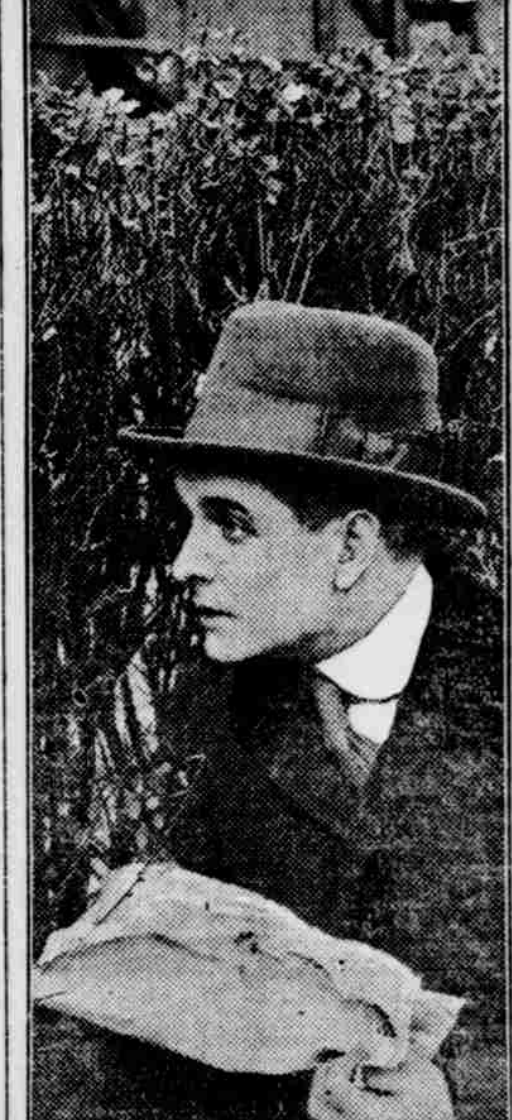
Author of  
"THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER," "THE WIRE TAPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.  
Novelized from  
THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME  
Copyright, 1915, by ARTHUR STRINGER

ters was a feverishly hurried and yet a surprisingly orderly one. It was not until the police reached the top floor that the elevator came to a stop. At the same moment that they poured out into the narrow hallway a mechanic in his shirt sleeves opened the door leading from Legar's private workroom and started down the hall. Before he could retreat or slam shut that door the lieutenant's revolver was covering him. Reaching back to his hip, his hand was already on the butt of a blue-metalled automatic. Before he could whip out that weapon, however, the lieutenant's quick eye comprehended the movement and his own firearm spoke first.

The shirt-sleeved figure fell in a heap, where he had stood in the open doorway.

At the sound of that shot, from within could be heard sudden calls and shouts and hurrying steps.

"That's Legar," cried Manley, as he caught sight of the one-armed figure side by side with a bespectacled German striving and fighting to push shut the intervening door. But the fallen man's body lay in the way, and



He Slipped Unobserved From the Grounds.

the door refused to close. Before that body could be dragged to one side, the lieutenant and his men were in through the door, wielding nightsticks and flashing firearms.

It was Manley himself who caught up a chair and brought it crashing down on a strangely complicated mechanism standing squarely in the light of the Tower window.

But Legar himself had not been idle. At the first wild charge into his tower room, the master criminal had dropped crouching behind a worktable, darted across to his parcel chute and there touched a hidden spring. The next moment the chute stood open and Legar was descending like a plummet to the floor below. But not before Manley had caught sight of his vanishing head and started in pursuit.

Manley was joined a minute later by the police. In the meantime Legar had escaped to the street by way of the fire escape.

He hailed a taxicab and hurried eastward to the Owl's Nest. Two minutes after Legar went rocking and swerving eastward he was followed by a stranger in a second cab. This stranger drove straight to the water front, two blocks to the north, dismissed his taxi, and earnestly conferred with a roughly-dressed longshoreman, who later rounded the slip in a rowboat and took the stranger aboard.

Legar, in his quarters beneath the Owl's Nest, was in anything but an amiable mood. He stared about at his coterie of unsavory confederates. A gleam of triumph showed in his narrowing eyes as he spied a white-faced girl in a chair near the fireplace. "Go we've got you back, little one?" he mocked.

She winced as he wheeled her roughly about, but remained silent. A sleepy-eyed parrot, standing on its perch beside the empty fireplace, stirred uneasily at Legar's rough movements. The girl, rising slowly from her chair, stared into Legar's evil face.

"What are you going to do with me?" she demanded.

Legar laughed.

"You won't be asking questions about it, when you find out!"

"Courage, little one, courage!" said a low yet distinct voice.

Legar, at the sound, wheeled suddenly about.

"Who taught that damned bird to talk?" he demanded. There was a stir of uneasiness about the room.

"Why, cap, that parrot can't talk," declared the tremulous coke-sifter at the end of the table, "it never could talk!"

"Then who said 'Courage'?" called out the irate master criminal.

"I did," said the same distinct yet ghostly voice. And had that wide-eyed group stared closer into the fireplace, instead of at the silent and motionless bird on its perch, they

# Last Warning.

Every merchant hates remnants. It's the

## REMNANTS

At the close of the season that cripples a man's business yet the most profitable way to dispose of odd sizes, job lots and remnants is to make the

## Prices So Attractive

That people can afford as a good investment to buy and put them away until they need them. This is our last warning concerning

## WINTER REMNANTS.

Look at this Remnant Price. OVERCOATS. We have about 50 coats, worth \$5 to \$25. Your choice at JUST HALF their original price. MUNSING Union Suits. Only a few left and the price for the \$2.50 one is \$1.50; for the \$2 ones, \$1.25; for the \$1.50 ones 90c, and for the \$1 ones, 65c to close. WOOL and CASHMESE SOX, black and grey, 25c quality; the few boxes we have left, will cost you 15c.

## McRoberts & Bailey

STANFORD : : : KENTUCKY

## News of the Churches

Presbyterian church: Mid-Week service on Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock. "Joseph, the Man of Hope." At the Christian church: Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at seven o'clock. Don't forget that next Sunday is Rally Day and Decision Day in the Bible School.

## LEGISLATURE WINDING UP

The legislature is on the home-stretch and every member with a pet bill is trying to get it through. A redistricting bill has been passed by one house which is rumored to be designed to make it possible to elect more wet members to the lawmaking body. Representative Claude Minor of Boyle, got a bill through the house prohibiting banks from declaring dividends before the bank surplus equals 10 per cent of the capital.

President Wilson appointed former Mayor Newton G. Baker, of Cleveland, O., as secretary of war.

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Winter Is Just Getting Started—Prepare for It by Ordering Plenty of

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